VOLUME LV CHICAGO, MAY 4, 1905. NUMBER 10

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

SPRING.

Now fades the last long streak of snow
  Now burgeons every maze of quick
  About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
  The distance takes a lovelier hue,
  And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
  The flocks are whiter down the vale,
  And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
  In yonder greening gleam, and fly
  The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
  Spring wakens too; and my regret
  Becomes an April violet,
And buds, and blossoms like the rest.

From Alfred Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY 3939 LANGLEY AVENUE, CHICAGO.

THE TENTH GENERAL MEETING OF THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

DEDICATION OF THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE

Chicago: Corner Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Avenue

MAY 28th TO JUNE 1st

Incorporated June 26th, 1894.

KNOWLEDGE JUSTICE LOVE REVERENCE

To secure a closer and more helpful association in the thought and work of the world, under the great law and life of love. x x Hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.

—*From Articles of Incorporation.*

The discussions of the Congress will center so far as possible around "The Coming Church; Its Relation to Education, Civic Government, Social Ethics, Amusements, National and International Morality," etc., etc. More or less directly, its worship, faith, preaching, fellowship, its work as a conscience-guide for social betterment and civic reconstruction, will come in for consideration. The maximum time given to essayists will be confined to thirty minutes and the number so limited as to give time for full and free discussion.

THE FOLLOWING TENTATIVE ANNOUNCEMENT OF PROGRAM

Can be made at this time, subject to change and attractive additions pending further correspondence.

Sunday, May 28

Dedication sermon by Rev. W. C. Gannett of Rochester, N. Y., Sunday morning, 11 a. m. Subject: "The Life of God in the Soul of Man." In the evening organ recital and dedication with addresses.

Tuesday, May 30

8 p. m. Opening address by the President, H. W. Thomas. Subject: "Plan and Purpose of the Ages." Lecture by David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University.

Wednesday, May 31 to Thursday, June 1

The Congress will continue through Wednesday and Thursday, holding three sessions a day. Among the speakers expected are E. P. Powell of Clinton, N. Y., on "Social Reorganization"; Rev. Daniel Evans of Cambridge, Mass., "The Coming Church and Commercial Criminals"; Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, "Institutional Work a Means of Church Salvation"; Mrs. Vandalia Varnum Thomas, "The Coming South"; N. O. Nelson, of St. Louis, "The Church and the Working Man"; W. L. Bryan, President of the University of Indiana, Bloomington, Ind.; Rev. R. Heber Newton of New York, "The Coming Church and the Outcome of the Theological Movement of the Nineteenth Century." Thursday evening: Platform meeting, civic dedication, William Kent presiding. Addresses by representatives of city government, educational and other municipal interests.

Noon luncheon will be served for all attending at the Centre for Wednesday and Thursday. Special arrangements will be made with hotels and boarding houses in the vicinity; rooms reserved in leading hotels, down town if preferred.

Application has been made to the Western and Central Passenger Associations for reduced fares, which will be granted if over one hundred persons paying full fare to Chicago are in attendance.

Further particulars will be announced as early as possible. You are cordially invited. If you cannot come yourself, pass along the notice to some one who may come.

Perhaps you can persuade your church or other societies and institutions interested in the work of the Congress to send delegates.

Address

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, General Secretary

3939 Langley Avenue CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, MAY 4, 1905. NUMBER 10

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint.— *Isaiah xi., 31.*

"Wonder is the first step to knowledge; curiosity the golden key to the jewel casket of conviction," says Dr. Hirsch in a recent number of the *Reform Advocate.* This fundamental principle in pedagogy is continually overlooked in Sunday School instruction. In the anxiety to teach the child something, most Sunday Schools forestall the only condition under which teaching can be carried on. To arouse an unsatisfied curiosity, to tantalize the child with provoking lumps of ignorance, is to lay the foundations for intelligence on religious subjects and growth in spiritual matters.

The April 21st number of the *Jewish Criterion,* published in Pittsburg, is a monumental number dedicated to Universal Peace. It contains sixty-four pages and shows painstaking editing, the matter being contributed by a wide range of eminent authors in Europe and America. It forms a little encyclopedia of current opinion concerning the atrocities, futilities and out-of-dateness of war. It is to be regretted that the absence of an adequate index greatly detracts from its availability in this direction, but in spite of this glaring defect it is a number worth having and preserving.

Charles Sprague Smith in the *Outlook* for April 22nd gives a modest account of the evolution of a People's Church that is most significant. The People's Institute is the organization that has used the large hall of the Cooper Union in New York City for educational, social and civic purposes. After a year's successful work in practical social science, Sunday evening experiments were tried, which Mr. Smith says:

> Met with immediate success. The evening courses gradually changed their character until now it is quite fitting to characterize the work as a church for the people. The entire service continues two hours; consists of music, readings, address and free and frank discussion, the whole ending with a hymn. The speakers are almost invariably clergymen, but representative of all religious creeds, the only condition being that the question shall be discussed from an ethical standpoint common to all religions and that there shall be no attempt to proselytize. But this is not in any way to check the expression of one's individual belief.

Let other people in other towns go and do likewise.

"Are We Christians?" is the title of a leading religious article in the *Literary Digest* of last week. The writer revives the discussion carried on in Leslie Stephens's volume, "Free Thinking and Plain Speaking," of over thirty years ago and brings it down to date. Mr. Stephens's answer was "no," but either a "yes" or a "no" must be confusing, for the question is so vague that it can be answered only by another question: "How is the word 'Christian' to be defined?" The word undefined carries with it an implication of doctrine and ceremony, of tradition and conformity, which are not only unrelated to the teachings of Jesus but absolutely opposed to them. To be a Christian, in the eccelsiastical sense, is to emphasize that which Jesus condemned, and to affirm many things concerning which he was silent if he was not opposed to them.

Our English exchanges are full of interesting material concerning the Martineau centennial, which was celebrated with fitting pomp and praise among all the liberal churches. Not the least interesting portion of the matter before us is an account in the *London Enquirer* of how the octagonal chapel at Norwich, the church home of the Martineaus, was built about the middle of the eighteenth century, in which we read that "Mr. Lee, a carpenter and joiner, was asked to draw an octagonal plan and bring it to the committee, and a Mr. Ivory, also a carpenter, produced a model of a roof suitable to an octagonal building, and a Mr. Rawlins, a mason, exhibited a new front elevation for the same." These local journeymen won out in a competition with a London architect, who charged eight guineas for his design. Let the carpenters and masons hold in high estimation their craft. Who knows to whom it will be given to design and build the next church to house an infant Martineau! It may be that this church is being builded in Illinois, Kansas or Texas.

The *Literary Digest* of April 29th has departed from its "usual custom" by publishing a second review of the "World's Best Poetry," edited by Bliss Carman. This review is from the pen of Edwin Markham who cheerfully applauds what the previous critic somewhat disparaged. It is interesting to note a poet's estimate of these ten volumes. These same volumes were advertised in last week's UNITY and estimated in our annual review of the literature of nineteen hundred and four. We are glad to find the judgment there expressed confirmed by Mr. Markham, who says: "In spite of any fault-finding, this extensive work remains an achievement of great dignity and value." So valuable is this collection to the present writer and so available is it to his purposes that he proposes to make these volumes the basis of a series of studies of the

short poems in English literature, particularly those by the later and less read poets, at the Tower Hill Summer School next July and August. The topics are "Home," "Friendship," "Love," "Sorrow," "The Higher Life," "Nature," "Fancy and Sentiment," "Descriptive and Narrative," "National Spirit" and "Tragedy and Humor."

The Search-Light for April 29th gives an account of the discovery in Paris after five years of search at tremendous expense, after tunneling and retunneling under a block of buildings the old St. Louis Cemetery, of the body of Jean Paul Jones, preserved in alcohol within a lead coffin. One wonders whether the vast expense and effort attaching to such a search could not have been otherwise applied with superior patriotism. Of what significance, however noble the man, is his corpse, clay a hundred years since, and only retarded artificially and with a mistaken apprehension of values, from returning again to the throbbing life of organic nature? What a mockery! Liberty, patriotism, the great causes of humanity, suffer for lack of effort and means, while explorers dig in forgotten burial places for the bones of men long dead who stood for liberty, patriotism, humanity. Not less absurd is it than the fantastic strivings of the mediaeval world for the tomb of the founder of Christianity, his spirit long since forgotten. Our boasted progress is not so great after all. D.

There are many Unitarians still who cannot understand the Martineau position,—he who was so zealous an interpreter of Unitarian thought but who so persistently refused the Unitarian label on his church. J. T. Sunderland in an article in the *Christian Register* for April 20th, says, "He held that the Unitarian name ought to be reserved for individual persons or persons associated together for other than church purposes, and should not be given to churches." He quotes the great preacher as saying: "I know nothing here in England of any Unitarian church, and if there were such a thing I could not belong to it." Mr. Martineau's feeling on this subject was intense. He is quoted as saying before the National Unitarian Conference, "If any one, being a Unitarian, shrinks on fitting occasion from plainly calling himself so, he is a sneak and a coward. If being of our Catholic communion he calls his chapel or his church 'Unitarian,' he is a traitor to his spiritual ancestry, a deserter to the camp of its persecutors." To the mind of the present writer this attitude makes James Martineau "the noblest Roman" of them all in the Unitarian camp, for the religion of the Unitarian refuses to rim itself, even with its own name. He is bound to like those who do not like him, to rejoice in a communion with those who dissent from him.

In the *International Journal of Ethics* for April is an article by J. W. Slaughter of Clark University, entitled "Music and Religion," in which it is attempted to prove that music and religion "both find their origin in that part of human nature which we denominate the mystical," characterized by "that personal flavor, that estimate of value, which is the mark of an emotional attitude." "Abstract, impersonal thinking is seen to be but half the story, and creates the desire for a more intense personal life," therefore "our rationalism and our dissatisfaction with it furnish the prime condition for a revival in religion," but unfortunately according to Mr. Slaughter's diagnosis there is another element in religion consciousness (only one!) besides the "personal, mystic attitude," and since "Rationalistic investigation makes belief at the best a difficult matter (depends somewhat on the "belief," does it not?), the place of religion is being usurped by music, "because music can satisfy the mystical need" without taxing belief. "Music and religion are rivals for the same claim in human nature, and so long as music occupies the present place in the general consciousness, we can look for no widespread revival in religion." Were Professor Slaughter's analyses of religion and music correct, we would say that religion, finding its origin in the "mystical" is in no sense superior to music, and we should see no reason to regret the displacement of religion in human consciousness. For us, however, religion does not find its origin in what Mr. Slaughter terms the mystical, nor can it be so readily analyzed into its elements. It is broad enough to include the whole of life including music, and the needs that it satisfies are needs that art alone can never satisfy. We would say that the love of music, as the love of the beautiful in all its forms, is part of and not a rival of religion, and if the so-called mystical attitude of religion which expresses itself in terms of emotional outreaching toward the beautiful, is supplanting the "faith," of which Mr. Slaughter says: "Given a sufficiently strong faith, intellectual difficulties fall into the background, and assent to doctrine comes as a matter of course," let us by all means have the love of the Beautiful. We believe that in our religious life it can only aid, not rival or supplant the need of the love of the True and the Good; for in the last analysis they are all one. D.

The Frederick Douglass Center.

Number 3032 Wabash Avenue is an old-fashioned three-story and basement house in what was once a fashionable section, and now it has an entirely respectable though not an aristocratic setting. Situated as it is within a block of Michigan Boulevard, the proud home of millionaires, and State Street, the thoroughfare of small shop-keepers, while one block further west we come to the Dearborn and La Salle street colored district.

On the evening of April 26th this old house, effectively revamped, was crowded with an unique company gathered for an unique and impressive service. The one hundred or more people crowded into the old-fashioned salon parlor were about equally divided in color. They came to dedicate the Frederick Douglass Center, the result of a movement inaugurated by Mrs.

Celia Parker Woolley, and carried to this very successful and impressive initiation. Dr. and Mrs. Woolley have taken up their home in this building and they will gather around them right-minded people who will pursue such co-operative life and work as represent the new piety, the co-operative helpfulness, the ministry of friendly contact irrespective of race or color distinctions. A program was printed which contained scriptural responses from "Scriptures Old and New." Suitable music and hearty singing diversified the occasion.

Mrs. Woolley presided. Dr. C. E. Bentley, secretary of the Center, read an interesting history of the movement and outlined the work in hand. Addresses were made by Judge E. O. Brown, Mrs. Henrotin, Mrs. Wilmarth, Drs. Hall and Williams and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who also read as a part of the program, Browning's "How It Strikes a Contemporary."

Of course the interest of the occasion centered in the word and presence of Mrs. Woolley, who briefly stated the purpose that animated her—the desire to give opportunity for wholesome contact between those like-minded, irrespective of color, and to offer an opportunity for advancement on lines of culture, refinement and usefulness to the race that has suffered so much from the prejudices of color. Perhaps the spirit can best be indicated by inscriptions daintily painted on the walls of the building:

> All men up, not
> Some men down.
> —*Theodore Roosevelt.*

> I propose that no man
> Shall drag me down
> By making me hate him.
> —*Booker T. Washington.*

> I know no race problem;
> There is a human problem.
> —*Frederick Douglass.*

There was an impressive solemnity in the occasion that quite outreached the earnest words of all the speakers. Previous to singing the great hymn of reform:

> "He always wins who sides with God,"

those assembled repeated in chorus the following pledge:

> In the love of God who has written His law in our hearts, we pledge ourselves to strive more faithfully to obey that law; to live reverently and uprightly, to cherish noble thoughts and pure desires, to worship Him in spirit and in truth. In the love of our fellow man, we unite to help each other, to labor together for justice and right living.

The success of the movement this far has been most flattering. Four hundred and sixty-four names are enrolled as members. The treasurer reported some $2,108.00 received; $1,500.00 have already been paid on the property, leaving some four thousand more to be met on easy payments. It is to be hoped that this movement marks a return of the tide, a recovering of lost inspiration, so that the inspiration of the Father and the bitter trials of war may be justified. We will watch with great interest the further development of this commendable movement and will ever hold ourselves ready to serve it by speech or pen.

Martineau's Defense of Nonconformity.

Perhaps in no way did Dr. Martineau render a nobler service to religion in his day than by the stand he took, and maintained all his life, in favor of religious independence and honesty. When as a young man he set out to gain an education, in preparation for the ministry, he chose the humble and obscure Manchester New College, with its meager equipment, rather than rich and honored and amply furnished Oxford or Cambridge, because in the former he could be a free and honest man, pledged to no master but that of truth, whereas in either of the latter he would have been compelled to a creed-subscription which he could not make honestly. Many made such subscription with "mental reservations." But his intellect was too clear and his conscience too sound to allow him to define "mental reservation" by other words than "insincerity" and "dishonesty."

And when he was ready to take up his life-work it was with one of the smallest and most spoken-against religious bodies in England. Why? Because he saw that there he honestly belonged. With his splendid powers, he might have gone wherever he would. A little pliability of conscience, a little using of words in a double sense, would have opened to him not only the doors of the State Church, but the doors leading to almost any position of honor, influence or emolument that that Church could give. But with him sincerity was too sacred a thing to be compromised, and perfect moral integrity of too high value to be bartered for any possible personal advantage.

When Stopford Brooke was considering the question of leaving the Established Church (so he told James Freeman Clarke) Dean Stanley begged him to remain, saying: "We need you, we need men like you, to help us broaden the Church of England, until it can hold all sincere Christians." Stopford Brooke replied: "Do you think, Dean, that in your time or in mine it will be broad enough to make Dr. Martineau Archbishop of Canterbury?" "I am afraid not," said Stanley." "Then," answered Brooke, "it will not be broad enough for me."

The same love of freedom and the same sense of honor that *took* Stopford Brooke out of the rich and popular State Church, *kept* Martineau out of it, and *in* association with that little band of churches, dissenters of dissenters, non-conformists cast out by most of their brother non-conformists, who dared to take their stand for absolute intellectual sincerity, and absolute faith in truth.

Dr. Martineau was not naturally a non-conformist or dissenter. His mind craved unity, not division. He did not like sects. He did not like to think of a divided Christendom. Especially he shrunk from the thought of a divided England. He shared Baxter's dream of one great comprehensive Church, only he went far beyond Baxter in his comprehensiveness. He longed for a Church in England large enough in its vision, broad enough in its fellowship, free enough in its spirit, to include all seekers of truth, all lovers of men, all worshipers of God. Why should not the Church which calls itself "National," and which the nation supports, be *really* national? he said. The nation's cathedrals ought not to be in the hands of one section of the people; all the people ought equally to have the benefit of them. The nation's schools ought to be controlled by the nation, not by one ecclesiastical party. Strange as it may seem, he did not favor disestablishment; at least he believed there was something *better* than disestablishment, namely, *enlargement.* He even went so far as to propose a carefully considered and elaborate scheme of federation among

the various religious bodies in England, whereby, without the alienation to secular uses of buildings, property and funds which had been dedicated to religion, present irregularities and injustices might be removed, and all churches and denominations might be given the same rights and privileges before the law. See "The National Church as a Federal Union," Essays, etc., Vol. II, p. 539 *et seq.* He probably did not have any strong expectation that his exact scheme would ever be carried out, but he never quite gave up the hope that sooner or later some means might be found for making the National Church really national, —that is, broad enough to include all forms of Christian faith and practice, so that there might be no longer any just cause for "dissent" or "non-conformity" as such.

And yet, with all his longing for comprehension and unity, he saw that under present conditions there was no other position that a large part of the religious people of England could take with honesty except that of dissent. Much as he shrunk from division, he shrunk from religious insincerity more. He would have sincerity of religious conviction maintained, whether it resulted in one ecclesiastical body or many. And so he remained a dissenter all his days, and a champion of dissent. I know of nothing finer of its kind than his college address, delivered in 1871, in which he answered Matthew Arnold's slurs cast upon the Noncomformists of England for letting their consciences keep them out of the Establishment. Arnold had proclaimed to the world that he regarded a large part of the doctrines of the Establishment as false and obsolete, and some of its forms as foolish, and it was well known that he himself was able to remain in connection with it only by making an outward show of accepting what inwardly he rejected. He seemed to think that if this kind of double dealing did not trouble him why should it trouble anybody? Why could not the Noncomformists have as pliable a conscience as he? Let them think how much they lost! The National Church was a great and august institution! It should be maintained. It contained the culture and the highest life of England. To cut themselves off from its elevating, broadening and refining influence was to make themselves "Philistines." Nonconformity had always been a sort of outside barbarism. At best it was a "hole-and-corner" Christianity. Let its adherents repent, come into the Church and be saved. The only thing that he recognized as standing in the way was their own narrowness of vision and their Philistine obstinacy.

Dr. Martineau with noble dignity and moral earnestness refuted the shallow and supercillious aspersions of Mr. Arnold, and defended the high courage and fidelity with which, through great trials and at much cost to themselves the Nonconformists of England had stood for religious freedom, the sanctity of religious connection and unsullied religious honesty. "Mr. Arnold forgets," declares Dr. Martineau, "that infusion of insincerity into the highest action of the soul reduces it to one of the lowest. Hence the necessity laid upon us, not less in the present than in the past, of accepting our position of exiles, and going apart for freedom of religious education and genuineness of religious service. We have no honorable option. It is a question of a withering away of the spiritual life, or of its ampler unfolding in a more sequestered but congenial field."

Terrible in the keenness and severity of its truth is his reply to Arnold's charge of Nonconformist narrowness, austerity and want of culture.

"Even before examining this plausible reproach," says Martineau, "may we not say that it comes with an unbecoming cruelty from those who have shut against us, as long and far as possible, all the public provisions for culture; who have monopolized the great schools, the universities, and their colleges; have obstructed access to the professions; and till within living memory have held exclusive possession of the municipalities, the magistracy, and virtually the legislature. Be it ever so true that some provincial narrowness and austerity are noticeable in the genius of a people, who for a whole generation were forbidden to keep school, were driven from the towns, were imprisoned for publishing books, were denied the right of meeting and the exercise of their religion, and have ever since been treated as interlopers in English society and usurpers of spiritual functions that do not belong to them: with what grace can they be upbraided for their defects by a representative of the dominant party? To be thrust into 'holes and corners,' and then derided for being there,—to be put on intellectual low diet, and then satirized for having long faces and spare looks, is a kind of treatment little likely to win us to the compassionate critic's 'Sweetness and Light.'"

A part of Mr. Arnold's reproach against Nonconformity was that it had given England no great names in literature or art, and had exerted no important influence on English thought and life. In reply to this Dr. Martineau takes a rapid survey of English history, showing that many of the greatest names in the intellectual field, from Milton to George Eliot, from Locke and Bunyan and Baxter and Defoe to Priestly and Wesley, and from these again to Dalton and Faraday and Lyell have been Nonconformists, while many of the strongest, most stimulating and most renovating movements in the political, social, moral and religious life of England have been distinctly Nonconformist in their origin and their impelling spirit.

Such was Dr. Martineau's splendid vindication of English Nonconformity against the attack of the nation's foremost literary critic. It showed that while he was a profound lover of peace, he was in temper and spirit a true knight; while he never drew the sword of offense, no one could wield the sword of defense with more unflinching courage or with a more dextrous and powerful hand, when he believed a great cause of truth or justice to be at stake.

Toronto, Canada. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

The Lovely May.

When lovely May comes in with flowers,
  Light tripping o'er the hills and dales,
How bright and beautiful the hours,
  What happiness of peace prevails!

Into a new glad world we come,
  From out the bourne of barrenness;
It is the type of heavenly home,
  Where even shadows seem to bless!

When lovely May comes to the soul,
  To scatter gloom and bring her flowers,
Celestial blessings have control,
  And sunshine fills these hearts of ours!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

I do sincerely trust that the benediction that is always awaiting in my garden may by degrees be more deserved, and that I may grow in grace, and patience, and cheerfulness, just like the happy flowers I so much love.

—*Elizabeth and Her German Garden.*

THE PULPIT.

Some Questions Answered as to Sin.

A SERMON BY REV. HENRY FAVILLE, LA CROSSE, WIS.

The Soul that Sinneth, it shall die. Ezekiel xviii, 4.

These words are old. The man who wrote them lived long before there was an American people or an English nation or a German empire. And in some things he wrote obscurely. In early times among the Jews, his writings were not be read till a man was 30 years of age. It was believed that only a mature mind could understand his writings and interpret them well. His name, Ezekiel, was held by some to mean "one who narrates the might of God, to be displayed in the future." Whether the name allows this interpretation or not, Ezekiel did speak for the future at times. And one of these times is in this 18th chapter. The truth of this chapter applies today; and will apply equally well to men who live a thousand or ten thousand years hence. We are to think of the truth he sets forth in this chapter this morning. The truth centers in the words of the text, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

And the text suggests four questions as to sin:

First—What is it for a soul to sin?

Second—What is it for a soul to die?

Third—Who is responsible for results?

Fourth—Is there a remedy for this death?

What is it for a soul to sin? Now the answer to that question may be made something abstract and metaphysical. But Ezekiel answers it in a plain and practical way. He gives us concrete examples of sinning. "He sins," he says, "who is a robber and a shedder of blood. He sins who lifts up his eyes to the idols which Israel had allowed to come into her worship. He sins who has oppressed the poor, and who has not given his bread to the hungry. He sins who has taken usury, who has not withdrawn his hand from iniquity, and who has not executed true judgment between man and man."

As a general statement this is sinning whether in our time or the time of Ezekiel. He who goes contrary to the law of love in his relation to his fellows, sins. And this means that a man who does this breaks the commandments of God as well. For in giving us these particular examples of sinning, the prophet speaks of acts which break either the second or the seventh or the eighth commandment.

But Ezekiel is not only practical, but discriminating, as to what real sin is. This is seen in his use of a single pronoun. The man who gives bread to the hungry is not necessarily righteous. It is the man who gives *his* bread to feed the hungry. By that word *his* he suggests that if a man has no right to the bread he gives, his giving even may be sin.

Suppose Mr. Carnegie had not earned his fortune honestly. Suppose the millions he is giving to libraries were the result of dishonest deals and withholding fair wages and oppressing the poor.

As it is, we commend his gifts. We call him a great benefactor. He has been instrumental in erecting 1,290 libraries, 779 of these are in the United States, and a number of them in our own state. For these libraries he has given $39,325,240. And he is feeding the hungry in his gifts. He is helping to supply good mental food for adult and youth in more than a thousand different places. But if it is not *his* bread that he is giving, if these millions are the result of wrong dealing with his fellow men, his giving is not righteous giving. His soul may sin even in these gifts. So, if Mr. Rockefeller has gained his millions wrongly he may give his last dollar for hospitals and universities and really give nothing personally. It is not *his* bread.

The prophet Ezekiel makes a clean cut distinction here which we must heed. You who give a dollar or a dime to charity, earned under the law of love; earned according to the Golden Rule, give more than millionaires, if, that is, they do not give thir own bread.

And because he goes to the root of the matter. Ezekiel speaks for us as well as Israel. The soul sins today just as it did then. If we have put other things before God in the week past; if we have been unjust in business or uncharitable in speech, if we have disobeyed any of God's commandments the soul has sinned. And it is just as posible today that the soul may sin while the hand dispenses bounty—as it was when Ezekiel said a man must give *his* bread instead of his neighbor's to the hungry if he would sin not.

II. The second question is this: What is it for a soul to die? And a single sentence answers that question. It is to be excluded from the favor of God. But can we get any conception of what it means to be excluded from God's favor, as souls? I think we can from our knowledge of God's temporal favors.

Suppose when the sun rose tomorrow, it did not shine upon you, but left your house in darkness, and that darkness accompanied you wherever you should go.

Suppose that in the summer season, while there was rain all about you, none fell upon your lot or your farm. Without any stretch of the imagination we can see what it would mean to be excluded from God's physical favors of sunshine and rain. But no one realizes fully what this would mean, for in the material world God "makes his sun to rise on the evil and the good and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust."

But this is not true, and cannot be true of soul favors. God cannot force light upon a soul which loves darkness rather than light. God cannot give the water of life to those who do not care for it. The soul that sins puts itself outside of these favors, and though God so desires the soul to have favors that he gave his son, nevertheles because of the soul's freedom he cannot force a single favor upon it. The soul that sins is excluded from this favor. From the nature of the soul it cannot be otherwise.

Neither it cannot be otherwise and have this a moral world and God a God of justice.

How long would we keep teachers in the public schools who marked pupils who got their lessons and pupils who did not get them the same?

What kind of society would we have if men who broke laws were treated the same as those who keep them?

The one who sins must lose God's favor. You and I could not worship or even respect a God whose relation to sin was that of indifference. Though God does not cease to *love* the soul which sins, he must withdraw the favors he would show to that soul. He must do it to be a just God. So this death means much to God. It cuts him off from giving what he desires to give. It is just as if your children left your homes today and from this time on you could do nothing for them, though you knew that in leaving home they had left home comforts and home love and would find only want and sorrow away from you. It is a sad death to God when the soul sins and is shut out from God's favor.

And there in sinning the soul loses its peace, its happiness and its heritage.

It needs no ilustration to show there is no peace in sinning. Most of us have tried it far enough to know this.

And the soul that sins dies to happiness. For happiness depends upon what we call disposition more than all else. The word disposition means "an arranging of the parts." The parts of the soul must be rightly arranged to bring happiness. We might as well expect smooth running in an engine with boxes loose and balance wheel gone, as a smooth running soul in sin. The soul that sins disarranges its parts. And thus it makes happiness impossible.

The past is full of examples of this. Solomon had not the right disposition within. He went contrary to God, disarranged the parts of his life, and then said, amid royal riches and splendors, "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Paul let God have his way with him. He had stripes and prisons in the place of feasts and palaces. But he did not say life was vanity and vexation. He did say, "I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necesities, in persecutions for Christ's sake."

John Bunyan in Bedford jail was happier than was Charles III upon the throne of England. And from Ezekiel's day to ours, and from our day to the end of time, rather today and tomorrow and forever, it will be true that the soul that sins dies to happiness.

And dies to its heritage as a soul as well.

I wish we could truly estimate the heritage of a soul, a soul to whom God can show favor. We cannot do that now. We do not know what favors God has to bestow upon a soul which does not die. We do know he has done great things for that which we call our life today. He has made the sun. Without it life is not possible on this planet. He has made the planet. It is his footstool. But it is a wonderful home for us, for a time. He has balanced forces all about us, such as wind and electricity; so that in the midst of many powers any one of which would destroy life in a moment, we live. He is back of every physical process in our bodies, and these processes are the marvel of the best physicians and of the most profound scientists, and the most advanced biologists. We are wonderfully surrounded; we are wonderfully kept in this world—as bodies.

And from this we may safely conclude we have a wonderful heritage as souls. The scriptures tell us plainly that we have. But even without the written revelation we should expect that great things await the soul when we think of what he has done for the body. For we know that the body is but the case, at most, while the soul is the jewel within it.

But "the soul that sinneth, it shall die." That means that it loses the inheritance God has prepared for it.

And in the Bible figures are multiplied and illustrations are drawn from all sources to show the loss that comes to the one who loses his soul. The wicked are as corn blasted, as corrupt trees, as briers and thorns and abominable branches. They are clouds without water, gardens without water, wells without water.

They are as a building upon sand; as stony ground; as whited sepulchers.

They are likened to bad fishes, to dogs, to swine, to scorpions, to serpents.

These are only in part the titles given to the soul that sins. They are only figures of speech. But nothing stronger can be said as to the loss that comes to the soul that sins than is said in these figures of speech. Such a soul is a brier when it ought to be an oak. It is dry when it ought to be a living stream. It is unstable when it ought to be staunch; stony when it ought to be fruitful, a sepulcher when it ought to be a garden, an animal when it ought to be a man. The soul that sins loses its heritage of happiness and peace and joy in itself. It loses the favor of God and the things God has laid up in store for it. The loss is surely beyond estimate.

III. But who is responsible for a soul that sins?

This was the third question asked. It is a question that was asked in the days of the prophet. The people to whom Ezekiel spoke knew they were not doing right. But they gave as an excuse their parentage and their environment. They quoted the proverb: "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge." They wanted to shift responsibility upon those who had gone before them, and shield themselves behind their deeds.

Now when it comes to certain phases of life we must reckon with the law of heredity. The parent has much to do with the body and brain, the habits and ideals of the child. And I tried to impress the thought a week ago that surroundings influence over youth very largely. If we are to have good boys we must have good surroundings for them for one thing.

So in planning for what we call a *successful* life, and in establishing God's kingdom in a city like ours, we must not forget that both heredity and environment are important.

So there is truth in the proverb that the fathers eat sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge. Through this law that like begets like we find it true that the iniquity of the father is "visited upon the children, even to the third and fourth generations of them that hate God."

But we have before us here a single and definite problem. It is this. Where a soul sins so that it dies, who is responsible?

And there is a very definite answer to that question in this 18th Ch. of Ezekiel. Ezekiel says: "The word of the Lord came unto me again, saying, 'What mean ye, that ye use this proverb concerning the land of Israel'—'The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge?'" As I live, saith the Lord God, ye shall not have occasion any more to use this proverb in Israel. Behold all souls are *mine;* as the soul of the *father,* so also the soul of the son is mine; *the soul* that *sinneth, it* shall die."

Here is the truth revealed to us in these words. However much parentage may shape the physical and mental and moral life of the child, and parentage does much here; however much surroundings may help to make or mar the career or the character of a man, one thing remains true. It is this. The soul that sins unto death, i. e., unto the losing of God's favor, does it of its own accord. Neither parentage nor surroundings can cause this kind of sin. Both of these may cripple the temporal life. Both of them may hamper the soul for the present. But neither of them can take away the soul's final inheritance. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." That means that the soul which dies fails to met its personal responsibility as to life.

Now that is a truth I would like to bring home to us all if I could. For we are all more or less influenced by a phase of modern thought which is a reproduction of this old proverb which Israel quoted. And like Israel some are giving this as an excuse for lax lives.

Some say, "I cannot be different from what I am

because I was born so." Others fall back upon the process of evolution, and hope that in some way the law of development will seize them and lift them out of sin. That is, the personal responsibility of sinning is not clearly seen; both because one prefers not to see this, and because some statements of the law of evolution have not made it plain. But if I read aright, both the scientific world and the theological world are coming again to face the truth of the text, viz., that no one else but the soul itself can sin so that it will die; that the soul itself must bear the results of its sin, and that personal responsibility alone can save one from these results.

So the truth which Ezekiel makes plain and the truth that comes to us is this: The individual stands in direct relation to God in sin. There is no escaping this relation. We should prefer to relate sin to parents and to surroundings if we could, we think. We would put *responsibility* elsewhere if possible. But it is not. "The soul that sinneth, *it* shall die." And the death which comes with sin, and our responsibility for it, makes sin the most serious problem of life. And God's relation to it seems to increase this seriousness a thousand fold.

IV. But God's relation to it does another thing.

It suggests that there may be a remedy for the death of sin. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." That is the unescapeable law of the soul. God has spoken it. But it is not the last word concerning the soul. For in this same connection God has said this: "Why will ye die, chosen of Israel. For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth?" So instead of wanting death he has made provision for life, even in the midst of death. Hence, serious as it is to come face to face with God in sin, think of the greater seriousness if we could not do this! For what hope is there for a soul which turns away from God in its sin? Whither shall it go to find peace and happiness and its lost heritage? If a soul loses the favor of God whose favor does he secure? The favor only of wicked men? And what can wicked men or a legion of devils do for the soul?

Serious as it is, therefore, to meet God with our sin, it is also most glorious. For he says this: "Turn and live." He makes a condition which is plain and is posible to every one. "Cast away from you all your transgressions; make you a new heart and a new spirit," he says. Do this and the text reads: "The soul that sinneth, it shall be saved. Though this my son was lost he is found, though dead he is alive again."

And in Christ this way is made plainer and more practical even than it could be made when Ezekiel wrote. But the condition is the same. "Turn, Repent, Live," is Christ's method with us, as it was God's method with Israel.

If I have made my purpose clear you will carry away this thought: The all important thing in life is our personal relations to God. I urge upon you often loyalty to Sunday school work, faithful attendance upon the prayer meeting and Sabbath services; the duty and privilege of confessing Christ by meeting with the church. A right relation to these things is very important to all.

But it is of secondary importance to the personal relation to God. To a soul that sins God must come first, or nothing can be done. But the soul who seeks God and turns from sin, finds that everything can be done. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." The soul that repenteth, finds its peace, its happiness, its heritage restored.

The greatest truth that can come to us in the present life is this: In God's plans for this world there is provision for the prodigal son. But we must not forget that the prodigal has to arise and go to his Father in order to receive the ring and robe and feast.

Congregationalism.

The *Pacific Unitarian* for April reprints from the *Congregationalist* an article headed "Will Congregationalists Unite?" in which it is stated:

> It may be that the coming religious conflict is to be between ritualism and episcopacy, on one hand, and the liberty of the individual worshipper and of the local church on the other. In such a conflict Congregationalists and Unitarians will be found side by side. . . . It may be that then theological differences will disappear in a common loyalty to one Master, and a united purpose to maintain the Christian liberty of each one of his disciples.

As far as this tendency to ignore differences between Congregationalists and Unitarians indicates a deeper spirit of toleration it is a welcome sign. "The liberty of the individual worshipper" is surely a good basis of union if it is an actual liberty and not merely an ecclesiastical liberty. The theoretical liberty of the individual members of the Congregational churches is large; but when one counts the silent forces of opinion, convention, prejudice, the dead hand of the past, when one considers the fact that a *creed,* however simple, is yet a creed, and cannot allow perfect liberty to the individual, one sees that the liberty is only an ecclesiastical one and not actual. No man is morally free as a member of a church with an intellectual creed.

The distinguishing mark of the truly liberal spirit is the face toward the future, the openness to truth; "our intellectual beliefs we hold always open to restatement as growing thought and purer lives shall reveal new truth." While we believe that a Congregational form of government is most favorable to such a spiritual attitude, it neither insures it, nor does another form of government preclude it.

It is true that in many Unitarian, so-called "liberal" churches, liberty is as shadowy as in the frankly credal churches. The "statement of faith" often becomes practically a changeless creed, hampering progress. Custom, tradition, take the place of the individual search for truth. To such churches the proposal of an alliance with Trinitarian Congregationalism should be welcome. But there are others which will not part with the unbounded view and the forward-looking-face, the sole justification for the separate existence of a "liberal" church.

Though a church-union is devoutly to be hoped for as an ultimate end, its basis can be neither a common church government, nor a common antagonism toward ritual; but an adoption by the credal churches of those ideals which are the *raison d'etre* of independent churches, namely an independence of the past (not necessarily a denial of its values), and a face toward the higher reaches of truth, a mind open to what the future may bring of new revealings, new light, even though it means the crumbling of dear old beliefs and associations.

R. P. D.

Some Thoughts of Charles Wagner.

When you find men or women whose lives are lost in hard tasks, or in the painful office of seeking out human wretchedness and binding up wounds, remember that they are beings made like you, that they have the same wants, that there are hours when they need pleasure and diversion. You will not turn them aside from their mission by making them laugh occasion-

ally—these people who see so many tears and griefs; on the contrary, you will give them strength to go on the better with their work.

And when people whom you know are in trial, do not draw a sanitary cordon round them—as though they had the plague—that you cross only with precautions which recall to them their sad lot. On the contrary, after showing all your sympathy, all your respect for their grief, comfort them, help them to take up life again; carry them a breath from the out-of-doors—something in short to remind them that their misfortune does not shut them off from the world.

And so extend your sympathy to those whose work quite absorbs them, who are, so to put it, tied down. The world is full of men and women sacrificed to others, who never have either rest or pleasure, and to whom the least relaxation, the slightest respite, is a priceless good. And this minimum of comfort could be so easily found for them if only we thought of it. Let us rid ourselves of this criminal blindness which prevents us from seeing the exhaustion of those who are always in the breach. Relieve the sentinels perishing at their posts, give Sisyphus an hour to breathe; take for a moment the place of the mother, a slave to the cares of her house and her children; sacrifice an hour of our sleep for some one worn by long vigils with the sick. We go unconcernedly along beside our brothers who are bent under burdens we might take upon ourselves for a minute. And this short respite would suffice to soothe aches, revive the flame of joy in many a heart, and open up a wide place for brotherliness. How much better would one understand another if he knew how to put himself heartily in that other's place, and how much more pleasure there would be in life!

One must have lived in schools, in workshops, in the army, in government offices, he must have closely followed the relations between masters and servants, have observed a little everywhere where the supremacy of man exercises itself over man, to form any idea of the injury done by those who use power arrogantly. The most implacable tyrant is the tyrant himself under authority. Foremen and overseers put more violence into their dealings than superintendents and employers. The corporal is generally harsher than the colonel. And woe everywhere to him who falls into the hands of a subaltern drunk with his authority!

We forget that the first duty of him who exercises power is humility. Haughtiness is not authority. To command and to obey in the society of men, are after all but two forms of the same virtue—voluntary servitude. If you are not obeyed, it is generally because you have not yourself obeyed first.

The secret of moral ascendancy rests with those who rule with simplicity. They soften by the spirit the harshness of the fact. Their authority is not in shoulder-straps; titles or disciplinary measures. They make use of neither ferule nor threats, yet they achieve everything. Why? Because we feel that they are themselves ready for everything. That which confers upon a man the right to demand of another the sacrifice of his time, his money, his passions, even his life, is not only that he is resolved upon all these sacrifices himself, but that he has made them in advance. In the command of a man animated by this spirit of renunciation, there is a mysterious force which communicates itself to him who is to obey, and helps him do his duty.

To create a home you must have the spirit of home. Just as the smallest village may have its history, its moral stamp, so the smallest home may have its soul. Oh! the spirit of places, the atmosphere which surrounds us in human dwellings! What a world of mystery! Here, even on the threshold the cold begins to penetrate, you are ill at ease, something intangible repulses you. There, no sooner does the door shut you in than friendliness and good humor envelop you. It is said that walls have ears. They have also voices, a mute eloquence. Everything that a dwelling contains is bathed in an ether of personality. And I find proof of its quality even in the apartments of bachelors and solitary women. What an abyss between one room and another room! Here, all is dead, indifferent, commonplace: There, one breathes in animation, a contagious joy in life. The visitor hears repeated in countless fashions: "Whoever you are, guest of an hour, I wish you well, peace be with you!"

We who from transforming our cities, our houses, our customs and creeds, have no longer where to lay our heads, let us not add to the pathos and emptiness of our changeful existence by abandoning the life of the home. Let us light again the flame put out on our hearths, make sanctuaries for ourselves, warm nests where the children may grow into men, where love may find privacy, old age repose, prayer an altar, and the fatherland a cult!

A man whose only motive for action is his wages, does a bad piece of work: what interests him is not the doing, it's the gold. If he can retrench in pains without lessening his gains, be assured that he will do it. Plowman, mason, factory laborer, he who loves not his work puts into it neither interest nor dignity—is, in short, a bad workman. It is not well to confide one's life to a doctor who is wholly engrossed in his fees, for the spring of his action is the desire to garnish his purse with the contents of yours. If it is for his interest that you should suffer longer, he is capable of fostering your malady instead of fortifying your strength. The instructor of children who cares for his work only so far as it brings him profit, is a sad teacher; for his pay is indifferent, and his teaching more indifferent still. Of what value is the mercenary journalist? The day you write for the dollar, your prose is not worth the dollar you write for. The more elevated in kind is the object of human labor, the more the mercenary spirit, if it be present, makes this labor void and corrupts it. There are a thousand reasons to say that all toil merits its wage, that every man who devotes his energies to providing for his life should have his place in the sun, and that he who does nothing useful, does not gain his livelihood, in short, is only a parasite. But there is no greater social error than to make gain the sole motive of action. The best we put into our work—be that work done by strength of muscle, warmth of heart, or concentration of mind—is precisely that for which no one can pay us. Nothing better proves that man is not a machine than this fact: two men at work with the same forces and the same movements, produce totally different results. Where lies the cause of this phenomenon? In the divergence of their intentions. One has the mercenary spirit, the other has singleness of purpose. Both receive their pay, but the labor of one is barren; the other has put his soul into his work. The work of the first is like a grain of sand, out of which nothing comes through all eternity; the other's work is like the living seed thrown into the ground; it germinates and brings forth harvests. This is the secret which explains why so many people have failed while employing the very processes by which others succeed. Automatons do not reproduce their kind, and mercenary labor yields no fruit.

The greatest things are those which gain the most by being said most simply, since thus they show themselves for what they are: you do not throw over them the veil, however transparent, of beautiful discourse,

nor that shadow so fatal to truth, called the writer's vanity. Nothing so strong, nothing so persuasive, as simplicity! There are sacred emotions, cruel griefs, splendid heroisms, passionate enthusiasms that a look, a movement, a cry interprets better than beautifully rounded periods. The most precious possessions of the heart of humanity manifest themselves most simply. To be convinced, a thing must be true, and certain truths are more evident when they come in the speech of ingenuousness, even weakness, than when they fall from lips too well trained, or are proclaimed with trumpets. And these rules are good for each of us in his every-day life. No one can imagine what profit would accrue to his moral life from the constant observation of this principle: Be sincere, moderate, simple in the expression of your feelings and opinions, in private and public alike; never pass beyond bounds, give out faithfully what is within you, and above all, watch—that is the main thing.

For the danger in fine words is that they live from a life of their own. They are servants of distinction, that have kept their titles but no longer perform their functions—of which royal courts offer us example. You speak well, write well, and all is said.

And if we pass from the world of talent to spheres which the mediocre exploit, there, in a pell-mell of confusion, we see those who think that we are in the world to talk and hear others talk—the great and hopeless rout and babblers, of everything that prates, bawls, and perorates and, after all, finds that there isn't talking enough. They all forget that those who make the least noise do the most work. An engine that expends all its steam in whistling, has nothing left with which to turn the wheels. Then let us cultivate silence. All that we can save in noise we gain in power.

—*Reprinted from First Aid, the Official Journal of the American White Cross First Aid Society.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

NOTES.

By all odds the finest thing in *The Atlantic,* month by month, is Thoreau's Journal. We only hope that we shall not come to the end of it very soon. I am in special sympathy with his test question, "Have you a knowledge of the morning? Do you sympathize with that season of Nature? Are you abroad early, brushing the dews aside? If the sun rises on your slumbering, if you do not hear the morning cock-crow, if you do not witness the blushes of Aurora, if you are not acquainted with Venus as the morning star, what relation have you to wisdom and purity?" He thinks that people generally are too civil and well disposed. He wants people to be in the habit of having opinions, and uttering them independently.

"The Vision of Elijah Berl," by Frank Lewis Nason, is sent to me by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston. I find it to be like Solomon's man, one among a thousand. It is pleasant to say that here is at least a novel in the pile that can be differentiated and spoken of with respect. It is a fine piece of work from a literary standpoint. It is thoroughly wholesome in its spirit and influence. It is manly and liberal in the sentiment which it teaches. The characters are none of them unnatural, nor overdrawn for the sake of effect. Ralph Winston is just that sort of a man that we hope our industrial age is going to culminate in; and Helen Lonsdale is the final woman, who is to come out of the offices and shops, and our modern woman's strenuous life. Elijah Berl stands for that Puritan, who is neither quite able to hold on to the old, nor quite able to grasp the God-idea of today—yet carries the old conception of duty so strong in his soul that he accomplishes great things—failing just at that one point where supernatural religion leaves a man weak. It is a book religion, and not a grip on the hand of that God whose footsteps are in the valleys of today. "Fortified by his belief, armed by God's sanction, he followed his desires mercilessly and without shame." Of Helen Lonsdale he says: "She moved among men fearlessly, because in the field of their movements sex was not thought of—only things to be done. She was surrounded by an atmosphere of womanliness, as delicate as an electric field, which warned off and repelled any disturbing element." I am not quite certain that Mr. Nason has not drawn from life. I think I know his Mrs. MacGregor.

Little, Brown & Co. have just published a new popular illustrated edition of Baird, Brewer and Ridgway's North American Birds—the great American authority on land birds of our continent. It has more than one thousand illustrations, with colored frontispieces, and heads of birds printed in colors. Among all ornithological books, this stands at the head—for the purpose of identification, and for its literary worth. There are three large octavo volumes, and they constitute just the complete cyclopedia needed by those who are teaching their children to love Nature.

I suppose that many people have watched the growth of that magnificent work, "Trees and Shrubs," by Charles Sprague Sargent, which has now reached its fourth part. Unfortunately such works are so costly that very few people can command them for private ownership. But the "Manual of the Trees of North America" is another work of superb quality, by the same author, that can be owned by thousands of nature lovers. In this book Prof. Sargent gives a brief description of six hundred and thirty trees, accompanied by a figure of leaves, fruits and flowers, and keys for determining genera and species. The illustrations are remarkable for their good taste, skill and knowledge, and are made by Charles G. Faxon. One of the chief values of this book is that it brings out the economic value of everything described. It is a sort of condensation of Mr. Sargent's life work. I should say that every one who is creating a country home, up to date, and who wishes to do his work intelligently, should have this Manual in hand. Teachers certainly cannot well get on without it—and in these days we are fortunately getting back to the understanding that every parent is, or ought to be, a teacher; —not a technical teacher, but profoundly interested in and capable of translating Nature to his boys and girls.

From McClure, Phillips & Co. I have received The Yellow War, by O. This book is bound in yellow—and why, puzzles my conception of literary taste. The name, the signature and the binding all signify trashy literature. The fact is we have here one of the great books of the year. It is a long time since I have come across anything to compare with the descriptive power of this volume. It is always conjoined with the most admirable literary tact and good taste. Who the author is I cannot conceive; but that he is rarely gifted is certain. Compared with Tolstoy I should say that his work was fully equal—in many ways superior. There is not a superfluous word in the book. I do not know in the English language anything better done than the "Officers' Patrol." "The Affair of the Bridge Guard" and "The Blockade Runner" are

shocking, but equally well told; and no literature carries anything finer than "Champions," "The Fall of the Mighty" and "The Race for Ping Yang." On the whole this book ought to be renamed, rebound, and then the author might be proud to sign his name in full.

From the same house I have received a tiny volume —good for the pocket, called "Religion—a Criticism and a Forecast," by G. Lowes Dickinson. This is a thoroughly healthy book. We have come to a time when radicalism means something very different from liberalism. We have been liberal for a good while, and growing more so. The most orthodox churches are crumbling all to pieces with toleration. Their creeds are no longer so important that trials for heresy follow their entire abrogation. A Presbyterian pulpit occupant can today preach Unitarian doctrine, and do it safely. We no longer need to parade our willingness to fellowship those who do not agree with us. What is ahead is something entirely different. This age has got to find out what religion is, what the church stands for—and not standing for, will fall down. This little book is on the right track. It discusses ecclesiasticism, revelation, religion and faith. It is bold and it is thorough. Let us understand it clearly, without flinching, that the existence of any power claiming to hold supranatural truth, by divine revelation—and all this apart from investigation; in fact making investigation a sin, is no longer tolerable in an age based on scientific investigation—socially, industrially,—and soon to be religiously and politically.

From Little, Brown & Co. I have received "The Freedom of Life," by Annie Payson Call. This book undertakes to get women out of the bondage of conventionalism. It is not a hobby book. It is fairly well illustrated by a short paragraph, as follows: "There is an instinct in us to drop every hot poker at once; and probably we should be able to drop any other form of unnecessary, disagreeable sensation as soon as possible, if we have not lost that wholesome instinct through want of use. The man who holds the hot poker only needs to drop it with his fingers; the man who is taken ill, only needs to be willing with his mind and to relax with his nerves in order to hasten his recovery." This is in a chapter on non-resistance. The chapter on Hurry, Worry, and Irritability is peculiarly good; so is that on Nervous Fears—and better yet is that on Self Consciousness. In fact the book is exceedingly good, and I specially recommend it to mothers—and to fathers also, of the Bowser type.

From G. P. Putnams Sons comes a book, by Thomas G. Carson, and entitled "Man's Responsibility." This book undertakes to explain "how and why the Almighty introduced evil upon the earth." I suppose it does—at least to the author's satisfaction. There are a great many words in the book. E. P. POWELL.

The Dial's Quarter-Century.

Twenty-five years ago on the first day of May was begun the publication of THE DIAL. Turning back to its first issue, the date 1880 has a strangely distant look; but little else is changed. The heading is the same; the original size of the paper has been adhered to, with an increase in the number of pages demanded by its growth; and its general physical appearance is substantially as it was in the begnining, modified by inevitable changes in methods and standards of typography. Its bound volumes, of uniform height and nearly uniform thickness, standing in a long row on the library shelves, express the consistency and stability which from the first the publication has sought to establish and maintain.

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The occasion is doubtless one for self-congratulation and rejoicing. Yet somehow it finds us not wholly in an exultant mood. Boasting is forbidden before one has taken his armor off, and he may then be too weary to care much for boasting. Those who have large issues have generally paid the price; and leaders of forlorn hopes, in life as on the battle-field, are little prone to merry-making over their success. They are glad and proud to be successful; it is for this that they have staked and won. But taking a retrospective look, they think of other things—of what it all has cost; of the expenditure of time and strength, the tale of years that have been taken from their own lives to give life to that for which they strove. A quarter-century is a big portion of a man's working life, particularly when it spans the period between thirty-five and sixty years; and what one gets in return for it should be something worth the while. That it is well worth the while, there is no question in this case. But in looking back over the way that has been traversed, and counting up the cost, one thinks vividly of the toils and struggles, the anxieties and disappointmnets, the tragedies unwitnessed and trials unrecorded, the menaces and perils, "gorgons and chimeras dire," unseen by all but him, that have beset the way. He thinks, too, of the many who were with him on the journey and are now no more.

* * * *

If further grounds for felicitation were needed than those already cited, they might be found in a consideration of the opportunities for doing good possessed by an enlightened and independent organ of literary criticism in America. On this point, however, and on the service that THE DIAL has been able to render to this cause, we are content to let others speak for us. It would be interesting if there were space, to speak of the advances in the book-publishing and book-reading worlds in the period covered by our hasty survey. Here, too, there is cause for satisfaction, since we are doubtless safe in saying that the demand for books of the better class has increased faster than the increase in population, denoting an advance in culture and civilization. Especially is this true of the great Middle Regions of the country, the regions making such tremendous strides in growth and influence. Considerations like these show that it was no mistake that THE DIAL was located in the metropolis of this great and growing region, in which its influence is doubtless more direct and forceful than if emanating from the seaboard. The example and inspiration of such a journal in a city so lately supposed to be given hopelessly to sordid standards and material aims is something also to be taken into the account. Dealing with literature in the largest sense, it is but natural that the literature of its own country should be its chief concern; but local of course it should not and could not be. It is but simple justice to the American publishers to add that by none are THE DIAL'S work and influence more clearly comprehended than by them; and not least among the reasons for gratulation on this occasion should be noted their intelligent appreciation and encouragement.

We began with a note from the past; we end with a note for the future. One quarter-century of THE DIAL is ended. It begins another with a surer confidence and a soberer wisdom; and though the old is tinged with sadness, the new is lit with cheerfulness and hope. F. F. B.

The Dial on Its Twenty-fifth Anniversary.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The words of the superior man are not necessarily high sounding, but great principles are contained in them.

MON.—To nourish the heart there is nothing better than to make the desires few.

TUES.—Beware! What proceeds from you will return to you again.

WED.—Man's nature to good is like the tendency of water to flow downwards. There are none but have this tendency to good, just as all water flows downwards.

THURS.—The path of duty lies in what is near, and men seek for it in what is remote. The work of duty lies in what is easy, and men seek for it in what is difficult.

FRI.—Words which are simple, while their meaning is far reaching, are good words.

SAT.—What future misery have they, and ought they, to endure, who talk of what is not good in others?

—*Mencius, a Chinese Philosopher, 4th Century B. C.*

Parents' Associations.

The phrases "co-operation of parent and teacher" and "corelation of home and school life" have become so trite to our ears that it is as easy now to ignore the real importance of these things as it was in the days when they were not often spoken of.

There should be a Parents' Association in connection with each school—but it is a difficult matter to so organize such a body that it may be truly profitable.

The parents must be the officers, they must largely plan the program and take the initiative. Such associations at their highest level may become classes in the philosophy of individual and social development with practical application.

The mutual help to teacher and parent is considerable, and both assuredly need all the help they may reach in working towards those ideals which have always been held reverently in human society—a good school—and good parents. E. T. K.

Some Stories from the Life of Mencius.

"The mother of Mencius" is famous in China, and held up to the present time as a model of what a mother should be.

It was his misfortune, according to Chaou K'e, "to lose his father at an early period; but in his youthful years he enjoyed the lessons of his kind mother, who thrice changed her residence on his account."

At first they lived near a cemetery, and Mencius amused himself with acting the various scenes which he witnessed at the tombs. "This," said the lady, "is no place for my son;" and she removed to a house in the market-place. But the change was no improvement. The boy took to playing the part of a salesman, vaunting his wares, and chaffering with customers. His mother sought a new house and found one at last close by a public school. There her child's attention was taken with the various exercises of politeness which the scholars were taught and he endeavored to imitate them. The mother was satisfied. "This," she said, "is the proper place for my son."

As Mencius grew up, he was sent to school. When he returned home one day, his mother looked up from the web which she was weaving, and asked him how far he had got on. He answered her with an air of indifference that he was doing well enough, on which she took a knife and cut the thread of her shuttle. The idler was alarmed, and asked what she meant, when she gave him a long lecture, showing that she had done what he was doing,—that her cutting her thread was like his neglecting his learning. The admonition, it is said, had its proper effect; the lecture did not need to be repeated.

* * * * * * *

"When you were in Ts'e," said one of his disciples, you refused 100 *yih* of fine gold, which the king sent, while in Sung you accepted 70 *yih*, and in Sëeh 50. If you were right in refusing the gift in the first case, you did wrong in accepting it in the other two. If you were right in accepting it in those two cases, you were wrong in refusing it in Ts'e. You must accept one of these alternatives." "I did right in all the cases," replied Mencius. "When I was in Sung, I was about to undertake a long journey. Travelers must be provided with what is necessary for their expenses. The prince's message was—'a present against traveling expenses'; why should I have declined the gift? In Sëeh I was under apprehensions for my safety, and taking measures for my protection. The message was—'I have heard you are taking measures to protect yourself, and send this to help you in procuring arms.' Why should I have declined the gift? But when I was in Ts'e, I had no occasion for money. To send a man a gift when he has no occasion for it is to bribe him. How is it possible that a superior man should be taken with a bribe?

—*From The Life and Works of Mencius by James Legge.*

Book Mark

"Once on a time" a Library Book was overheard talking to a little boy who had just borrowed it. The words seem worth recording, and here they are:—

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me.

"Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch cold as well as children.

"Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

"Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.

"Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so.

"Or put between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.

"Whenever you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little book mark to put in where you stop and then close me and lay me down on my side so I can have a good comfortable rest.

"Remember that I want to visit a great many other little boys after you are through with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy."

HENRY DOTY MAXSON.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
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3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago
Entered at Chicago, Ill., Postoffice as Second Class Matter.

$2.00 PER ANNUM.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

EVOLUTIONARY CHRISTIANITY.—Some of us are going to the congress of religious liberals in Geneva one of these days, and the prospect seems to make all side-lights on prevalent religious and ethical ideals in the old Calvinist city peculiarly interesting. Hence, I propose to give UNITY from time to time some excerpts from such earnest utterances over there as may chance to meet my eye. The question of conscientious refusal of military service is a frequently recurring one in the press over there.

Sometimes, it would seem, the public gets rather weary of the topic. Somebody voiced this weariness recently in this fashion: "We are tired of the subject; spring is here and the topic is unseasonable." "Yes," retorts Pastor Paul Pettavel, in *Le Signal*, "I understand; questions of conscience belong to the winter; they may be discussed as long as the March winds blow, but after that they are best put away in the woolen chest with camphor, naphthaline, or the like, to keep them from the moths."

He then goes on to say some scathing things about the doctrine of "categoires" and the plurality of ethical standards, tolerated by official Christianity, Protestant as well as Catholic. All this, he says, is ruin to the most legitimate hopes of Christianity.

"The church has quite understood this. Shut up in the categories which civilization has constructed all about her, to fetter her and render her helpless, she has indeed sometimes sought to free herself, but all in vain, and, convinced that hers is a bondage in perpetuity, she has accepted the existing situation, has renounced the conquest of this earth as something impossible and hence undesirable, and has directed all her desires toward a deliverance, a rescue and a future wholly celestial. Official Christianity is a Christianity vanquished but tolerated, resigned and businesslike. It is a firm arranging with its creditors and trying to content them all by as equitable a division as possible; but the said firm knows that the settlement in progress will not leave much for it, and that nothing will be possible but to close up, with the hope of reopening elsewhere."

This article is a stinging arraignment of Christian inconsistency and half-heartedness, but in the next issue of *Le Signal* Pastor Pettavel discusses some "new tendencies" in ringing words as inspiring as these were scathing. He says in part:

"We wish to see Christianity emerge at last from the dogmatic and doctrinal formulas in which the old philosophic method has encircled it and, by so doing, escape also from the endless discussion of words. Doubtless there is something good in philosophy, dogmatics and doctrine; but the abuse of them in the religious domain has produced a reaction which, in its turn, will naturally exceed the measure of its intentions.

"We would like to see Christianity call in consultation, in regard to truths to be formulated, all kinds of minds, hearts, consciences, experiences and sciences, so that all that comes from God (all things) might testify of him. And our sincere desire would be to see the scientific method equally with the philosophical method, employed in religious matters. We cannot help thinking also that the enormous field of biology will be, by analogy, a magnificent well-spring of light for religion.

"We ask that Christianity shall, above all, proclaim that life is the very essence, the supreme law and the final and sole aim of religion, because God is life. We ask that every truth shall be reconsidered and revised according to the law of life which expresses the great harmony of all things.

"On this sole principle of life we demand of Christianity to strive to abolish every category, every distinction, which tends to withdraw anything whatsoever from the influence of that principle. The Christian life ought to penetrate *all*, include *all*, transform *all*, reconstruct *all;* Christian life ought to arrive and as soon as possible at establishing the kingdom of the living God on the earth; in other words, that economic condition of our globe in which God shall be king of all, shall reign over all, over hearts, minds, bodies, families, nations, industry, commerce, science, art, politics—I say again, over all. Then the divine life will enlighten all things and inspire all men, all humanity. Kingdom of God, age of gold, millennium, apogee of civilization, call it what you will, we believe in the fact because it is in the absolute logic of all history, human and divine.

"Such is the faith of that multitude of all names, of all tongues and all places, which we have designated as 'the spread of the Christian spirit on the earth' and which, to our mind, will constitute the church of the future. But we are impatient for our ideal to this extent, that wherever we see dawning any manifestation of the higher life we are ready to support it and to plead its cause, against every established order, against all secondary interests, even sometimes contrary to all prudence, and in our program the watchword is: Let all who desire the life of God, as manifested in Jesus Christ, concentrate their supreme effort on the near establishment of the divine kingdom on earth in order to accomplish its advent through a wise, rapid, marvelous evolution.

"Oh! I hear a thousand objections, a thousand protests, and great bursts of laughter contrasting with flushes of anger! Diplomats, politicians, scholars, artists, free-thinkers, socialists, atheists, decent old men and young sinners, clever financiers and glorious conquerors, all, if they reflected, would exclaim: Why, this is the old dream of Roman omnipotence; they would bring us back under the yoke of the church and the clergy! Conspiracy! To arms! Let us defend ourselves! But no, it is not the old Roman dream; it is the old Christian dream which neither Rome nor Geneva has yet known how to realize. Be reassured; we deem the old Christian dream so admirable, so grand, so liberal, so broad, so perfect in every respect that it is already at this very moment that which is best in yourselves. Continue to mount toward the ideal, with all your might and in all honesty, and you cannot fail to encounter on your upward way the revelation of God by Jesus Christ, which is life in its supreme totality. When you shall have met it, it will seem to you so conformable to all you have been able to desire in your better consciousness that by a spontaneous outburst you will give yourself to him, to live for him and by him. Christians from that time, you will necessarily make politics Christian, science Christian, art Christian, life Christian throughout and everywhere. No one will impose himself upon you, or impose upon you anything whatsoever; the perfection of life alone will impress itself on all in its unity of principle and the infinity of its manifestations, and all will cling to it spontaneously.

"Such is the kingdom of God in which we believe and toward which we desire to make the efforts of all converge, and whose one principle should penetrate all departments of human life from this time forth. That this way of looking at things implies great necessary transformations, large concessions and sacrifices, we do not attempt to deny. But we think that when matters present themselves as a pressing need, it is better to accept them with a good grace than to wait till the swelling flood becomes irresistible. Prevention is better than cure, and it is more intelligent to foresee than to have to rebuild ruins."

M. E. H.

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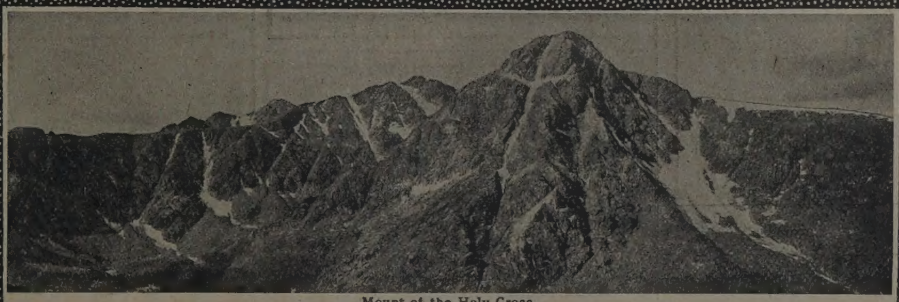

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